



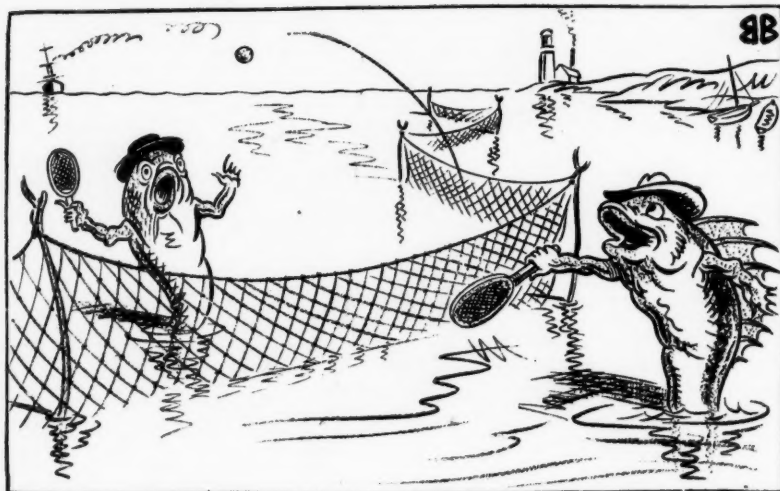
Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



A SPECIALIST'S OPINION.

DR. LIPTON.—Your condition, of course, is not alarming; but a trip abroad would do you a world of good.

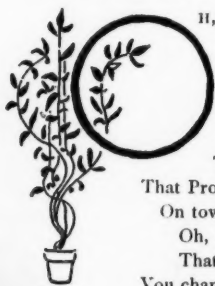


TAKING ADVANTAGE OF IT.

THE FISH.—All I can say is, whoever put that net here little thought what a service they were rendering us.

WHEN YOUTH IS WISE.

The dominant current of Japanese literature is one of pessimism; Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Gorky being the models of the modern school.—*Tokio Dispatch*.



Oh, quaint Japan, so recently
From dark, barbaric shadow snatched,
Your nakedness draped decently
In Culture's garments (somewhat
patched);
In civic line your footsteps gauged
To fit the cadence of the march
That Progress makes through History's page
On toward Achievement's glowing arch—
Oh, can it be
That now we see
You change from hopeful smile to frown,
As, lip a-curl,
Yourself you hurl
From Eagerville to Blasétown?

Oh, droll Japan, ingenuous
And youthful is your present pose,
Although the mask is tenuous
And not deceiving, goodness knows!
It may engage you for a while,
This queer but common front to wear—
A never-changing youthful style
That passes with the thinning hair;
But, ah! ere long
To noisy song
You 'll list, and watch the dancers wheel,
For as you grow
In age the show
Gets better at Life's Vaudeville.

Wood Levette Wilson

BOARDING.

The big ship eats a ton of coal
An hour; yet, flocking toward her
Are people by the dozen and
The score who wish to board her.

IN DELAWARE, SAY.

"He's very democratic."
"I'm not surprised."
"Oh, extremely so! He could easily
be elected a member of the Elite Lynching
Club, and it is understood his wife and
daughters are anxious to have him join,
for the sake of the social standing it would give them. But
the judge says the Citizens' Lynching Club is good enough
for him. Yes."

AN ODD CASE.

"Yes," said the criminal, "I can tell you about a very
queer thing that happened to a young feller in a reformatory."

"Indeed?" said the sociologist.

"Yes. He reformed."



NOT HIS STYLE.

SAM.—Golly! Dem detectives must make good money!

PETE.—Yais; but de job 'd nebbah suit yo'.

SAM.—Wha not?

PETE.—Case heaps of de time dey has to weah plain clothes.



ALLED.

HE.—Darling, I dream of you every night; such joyous, happy dreams, I cannot bear to wake and—
HALL BOY.—Mistah Smiff, whad time yo' want to be called in de mawnin'?

HE.—Half past three, sure! I 'm going bass fishing!

THE FLIGHT.



ONCE UPON a time a large, white and beautiful bird named

Prosperity came flying down the wind, and lit on the dome of a large public building that seemed a fair and inviting resting place.

"This seems like a nice country," said the bird. "I rather like the looks of things."

A politician passing by was attracted by the plumage of the beautiful stranger and as it flew down on the ground to get nearer the people, stroked it lovingly. Then a stock exchange broker came by and greeted the fair guest with many a smile. An iceman, otherwise haughty, melted as he beheld the great bird.

Prosperity primed her wings and flew about gaily from market to market, from curbstone to real estate exchange. She haunted places of pleasure and flew over many a mountain resort and sea-shore caravansary. Even in the dark and dingy places the faint

flutter of her wings was heard. She grew to be a common sight. Her name was a household word. Indeed, so familiar did she become that she began to be overlooked. No one noticed her. Prosperity began to droop.

"This will never do," she said. "I'll be a laughing stock next."

And she was right. She began to be abused. The politician and the financier got to fighting over her. The common people sought to revile her.

One day she spread her wings, and a poet, looking out of his attic window, saw in dismay that she was on a journey.

"Where are you going?" he questioned, eagerly.

"I am going," said Prosperity, "away from here—where they know how to treat me better."

MORAL: History still continues to repeat itself.

Tom Masson.



HER SWIFT RETURN.

DRUMMER.—Let's see! There is a show of some kind in the Town Hall to-night, is n't there?

LANDLORD PETTYVILLE TAVERN.—Sure thing! Miss Agnes Ammidon appeared here in "East Lynne" in 1874, and pleased the people so well that she's consented to play a return date to-night.

THE MODERN WAY.

MRS. KNICKER.—Are n't you glad your children are all settled?

MRS. BOCKER.—Yes, indeed; they're all happily divorced now.

In the well organized political machine, a word to the guys is sufficient.

PUCK



A PROMISE.

MISTRESS.—I hope you will like this place and stay, Bridget. Just see the lovely views from the kitchen window!

THE NEW COOK.—Well, Oi'll shay long enough to take them views with me camera, Mum, anyway!

AN IMPENDING PERIL.



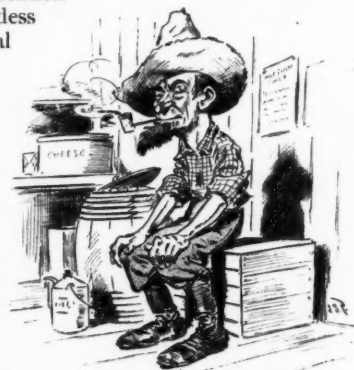
It is rumored that within a few short years emancipated woman will hand in her final resignation as goddess of the hearth; that the domestic altar will soon be forever deserted by its feminine devotee. To such as the equal suffrage advocate, this rumor seems only "matter for a flying smile," but to the deeply contemplative it bears a weighty and a serious blow. If its realization comes at all within the empire of the possible, it brings with it a train of fearful consequences which every lover of the home will do well to consider before lending countenance to the revolution which is said to be upon us. If the complete emancipation of woman is to render home life and duties distasteful to her, we are indeed undone.

Heaven forefend that our cherished firesides be left to the eccentric ministrations of man!

Man is a creature that has always elicited our unqualified admiration; he is in many capacities useful, and by a judicious arrangement of blue cloth and brass buttons, can often be rendered to a certain degree ornamental. In the sphere of action for which his many estimable characteristics have qualified him, we accept him without a murmur; but when it comes to having him foisted upon us a housekeeper we indignantly reject him. We have wintered and summered him in that capacity, and he is an ignominious failure. For the ornamental part of housekeeping he is peculiarly unfitted; his soul is closed and his vision dim to the truly beautiful. He scorns bric-a-brac, and is not susceptible to the ennobling and refining influence of that home-angel, the tidy. If there were fifteen tidies on one chair he would manage to crumple ten under him and get up with the rest on his back. He is a sworn enemy to all decorative art, and if not watched will go to bed on the pillow-shams. He pulls the bed-clothes out by the roots when he gets up; he leaves water in the washbowl and hangs the towel on the floor. He makes a hat rack of the piano, and expects to find his slippers just where he left them last week.

His idea of being comfortable is to throw open every door and window in the house, and, as to becoming arrangement of lights and shades his mind is a perfect blank. He never was known to make a knot in a towel and chase flies out of the room, and if he does not see what he wants the minute he opens the bureau drawer he knows it is not there and you can not convince him to the contrary. He lacks adroitness and always draws out the weak-legged chair for a visitor to sit on. His mind is not nimble at taking hints; we have seen a man who understood Emerson help himself to the last slice of cake, with company present, and unblushingly call for more, notwithstanding his wife was kicking him under the table and winking at him over it. It will readily be seen that he is by nature and education

totally disqualified to act as goddess of the home. His occasional presence is necessary to make him a perfect success—it pleases us to have him patronize the deserving institution at least three times a day, and it looks well to see him sitting around in the evenings, but it would never do to leave him in sole charge of the dearest spot on earth. He would bankrupt domestic bliss in a week. Let all who are interested in the preservation and maintenance of the fireside, humbly petition the managers of this new movement to exempt a few able-bodied, industrious women to continue the time honored and laudable employment of housekeeping; or, at least, to postpone any radical change until a few men have been taught to discriminate between macramé lace and dish-towels.



ABLE MEN.

UNCLE JOSH.—Them bunco men is slick articles.
UNCLE HIRAM.—That's a fact. They've fooled some of the best checker players in this country.

Mary Louise Andrews.

TO THE VICTOR BELONGS THE SPOILS.



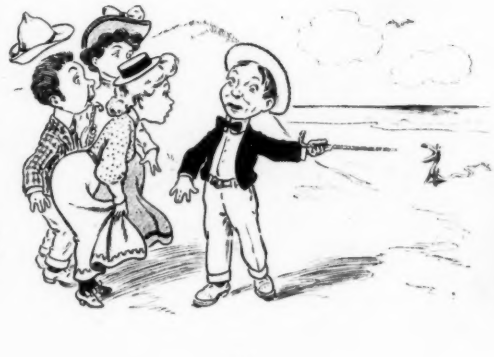
I.

"Only an old canvas hose, but I have an idea. Percy has all the girls because he belongs to the militia. I'll fix him."



II.

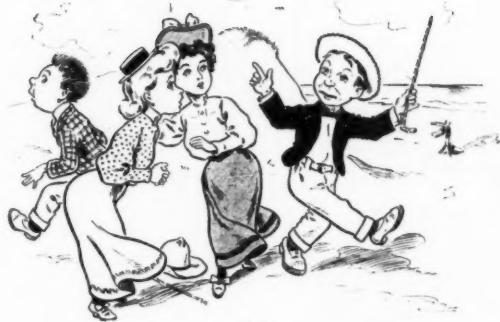
"There! A little way off it will look like the real sea serpent. Now to wait for Percy and the girls."



III.

"Don't go any further, ladies! There is a live sea serpent on the beach."

PUCK



IV.

"Fear not, girls! It shall not harm you."



V.

"The Hero! The Hercules!"



VI.

"No, girls, I don't believe in soldiers. They are only brave when in bunches."

THE PENALTY OF PROMPTNESS.

THE MAN who's always punctual deserves as much of pity As any fellow living, and I think you 'll quite agree. Perhaps he 's made appointment with a party in the city And catches the suburban train at 7:53: He knows full well he 'll be in time and on the spot precisely; He chuckles to himself, arrives, and paces to and fro For quite a goodly time, then stops and treats the matter wisely By sitting down and waiting for the fellow who is slow.

It 's very nice to have the name of being to the minute, In slang "a Johnny on the spot" whatever may occur; It seems a proud distinction, but there 's really nothing in it, The man who 's always punctual creates no mighty stir. The theory 's seductive, but it does n't stand to reason, To practice it will bring you aught but worry, wait and woe, When just by being prompt you lose, no matter what the season, So much good time in waiting on the fellow who is slow.

The prompt man never moves the world, it 's just the other fellow; You have to bide his time and wait, and pace the floor and swear; The fruits of punctuality grow much too ripe and mellow For you to pick, while waiting on the man who is n't there. And so I say, the man that 's prompt could more of sweets have tasted If he 'd lagged a bit and rode his hobby less, I trow, For think of all the minutes and the hours he has wasted, — The time he 's spent in waiting on the fellow who is slow.

Roy Farrell Greene.



"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

A SURPRISING SEASON.

"This has been a remarkable Summer, taking it all in all," observed the washing-machine agent, with meteorological meaning. "It has been, for me, 'tennyrate,'" replied the landlord of the Pettyville tavern, who was inclined to be pessimistic. "An actor — one of the kind that plays with a 10-20-30-cent troupe — stayed here at the hotel for six weeks, and went away in the day time with his board bill paid in full."



WELL ACCOUNTED FOR.

"Do you love sports, Mr. Cohenstein?"
"Passionately! I sell sporting-goots, you know!"

UNFORTUNATELY.

Though Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
'T is often a mistake
To think he won't get up again,
A sturdy fight to make.

DIGESTION.

Even in the whale's belly, Jonah's prophetic vision kept him borrowing trouble.
"What if pepsin tablets were to come into vogue right now!" he exclaimed, horrified.
Naturally, the thought of being digested was not a very comfortable one.

Speak of the devil and he 's sure to appear: it is different with an angel — which may explain why so many shotos go to pieces on the road.

PUCK



THE COMING TEST.

JACK SUMMERVILLE.—I look forward to the city as to heaven.

BELLE BEECH.—Really?

JACK SUMMERVILLE.—Yes;—to settle the question, shall we know each other there?

When some men say they are self-made, it is pretty hard to tell whether the statement ought to be regarded as a boast or a confession.

PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE PARALYSIS OF POWER.

ALL SURPLUS matter on the copy books of *The Commoner* found ready vent to publicity in Bryan's Chicago speech. It was a polished address, long service in the Colonel's employ having given it an admirable gloss. Text and target as hitherto were supplied by Grover Cleveland, that depraved and wicked man, whose political antithesis Colonel Bryan delights to be. "The greatest menace that the party has to meet to-day," the orator observed, "is not the probability, but the possibility of the party's return to the position that it occupied from 1892 to 1896." In other words, the greatest menace is a possible return to power, for if memory does not fail us, the presidency and the Democrats were on terms of closest intimacy between the dates mentioned. "This danger," the Colonel adds, however, "is not so imminent as the corporation-controlled papers make it appear; but in so far as it at all threatens, it paralyzes the energies of the party and nullifies its promises." Paralyzes! There is the verb. That which for eight years has been near-sighted, debilitated, hysterical and mentally defective is now on the verge of political paralysis. And all because of the fell possibility—but not probability—of its "return to the position that it occupied from 1892 to 1896;" or briefly, to power and the presidency. Misfortune is cruel indeed; and Bryan is its prophet.

AS TO ARMY PROMOTIONS.

MORE than a little attention of late has been paid to General Wood; and not all of it may be classed as cordial. It is claimed that five years, the period which advanced him from assistant surgeon and colonel of volunteers to a rank nearly parallel with the veteran General Young, have seldom enclosed so rapid a rise as his; that army annals, recent or remote, are wholly destitute of precedent. This, and indeed much more, have the carping critics averred. But just or biased, their words will go for naught unless the Senate, in its might, should decline to confirm General Wood's promotion. As to the speed of his ascent, however, the critics are misinformed. Precedents *do* exist. Grant, Sherman and Sheridan provide them. Grant, who rose in three years from an obscure colonel to the head of the whole union army. Sherman, who in the same length of time attained the rank of major general. And Sheridan—the best precedent of all—who began as a captain of volunteers in 1861 and was commissioned major general of regulars ere the Civil War ended. If nothing wrong was seen in the promotion of these men after three years, surely the elevation of Wood after five years should provoke no hostile comment. That is, unless between Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and their achievements on one hand and Wood and his on the other, the nation at large should discover a discrepancy.

"THAT STRANGE BETRAYAL."

THAT BAND of vigilant patriots, the Protective Tariff League, has begun its final campaign against Cuban Reciprocity. Says the League's official organ: "It still rests with the House of Representatives to sanction or disapprove that strange betrayal of pledged protection to all American industry and all

American labor in the shape of the Cuban treaty." So, summoning all its forces, the League will encamp on the Capitol steps, there to await the opening of Congress. Meanwhile, there is much to be done. President Roosevelt's misleading statements require a strong rebuttal. Particularly his incredible "belief that not a particle of harm will come to any American interest from the adoption of reasonable measures of reciprocity with Cuba." Also, his highly fatuous conclusion "that the adoption of such a measure would be in the interests of our people as a whole." Of course, in order that these wilful words may effectively be refuted and truth once more established, it will be necessary for the League to be firmly consistent and true to itself. Which means, if the Cuban treaty is "a betrayal," the President, its foremost supporter, is obviously a betrayer. While his unswerving efforts in behalf of reciprocity are similarly the acts of a party Arnold. Plainly, logic leads to discourtesy, if to nothing more. Hence, for the League's exclusive benefit, we would repeat that homely old caution: Be sure you are right, then go ahead. And furthermore, there is another maxim, quaintly applicable, which refers to fooling the people.

INTERRUPTED.

"Then," said the first mosquito, "you were still singing when the man endeavored to swat you?"

"Oh, yes! I had just finished the recitative and begun the aria."

NEW VERSION.

We now revise the ancient saw
And prove that it is true;
Red devils always find some work
For idle hands to do.



CAUSE FOR REGRET.

NEWRICHE.—Say! Do you know Boobleby boasts that one of his ancestors was beheaded in the Tower of London.

GRIMSHAW.—Yes; pity it did n't run in the family!



THE PHOENIX OF PROSPERITY.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.



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THE POLITICIAN.



WHEN in doubt, a politician should attack the trusts, the negro, or the cigarette.

The average legislator returns home covered with a good deal more apology than glory.

Generally, when a politician has the key to the situation he can't find the fellow with the keyhole.

Some politicians are born colonels, some are self-made colonels, and others drink until the title is thrust upon them.

The politician has his picture in the editorial columns at the beginning of his career, and in the patent medicine columns at the finish.

When a politician persistently permits himself to be called "Honest John," or "Bill," as the case may be, he should be thrown down and microscopically frisked to see what his little game is.

It is almost pathetic to watch the unwavering patience with which a recently-made has-been waits for the Ship of State to go bull-heading onto the rocks, now that his guiding hand has been removed from the rudder.

Tom P. Morgan.



QUITE DIFFERENT.

IRENE.—She'll never forgive him.

EDGAR.—Why, I thought he said she was attractive.

IRENE.—Oh, no! He said she was *still* attractive.

ENNUI is a French word for an American malady, which generally arises from the want of a want, and constitutes the complaint of those who have nothing to complain of.



POSTPONED.

"Won't yer let me mind him?"

"Not now, when he's good. Some time when he's hollerin' blue murder, I might let somebody else have a hack at him!"

We always suspect that certain people, in paying the price of success, manage somehow to work the short change racket.

THE MODERN FINANCIER.

THE GRANDMOTHER had come to visit her son and she had brought her knitting with her, to say nothing of some old-style ideas. In the household was a grandson who had caught the spirit of the day and in whom his parents placed great hope. Perhaps you have seen sons ere this who contained parental hope, which, alas, too often is nothing more than a veneer over disappointment.

But, as the historical novelist would say, Gadzooks, on with the story. So it came to pass that the grandchild worried the good grandmother by his careless and extravagant ways. Consequently she decided to "nib in," as a boy in the glass factory would express it. Perhaps you have seen a grandmother with an interest so keen as to cause her to nib. This grandmother sought her son and, prompted by duty, spake as follows:

"Clarence, I am sorely distressed over the way in which Horace behaves. He is wildly extravagant. Last Sunday I gave him three cents for Sunday-school and instead of handing it in he bought marbles. He has borrowed pennies from me without ever a thought of returning them. He picks up nothing and scatters everything. He despises strings and pins. Really, the boy is so extravagant that he will yet break you up. He needs training along the line of thrift. He should be taught to save."

"Mother," answered the son, "times have changed. It is not like it was in your day. You trained me, and here I am, on a salary, afraid to let go of it, with the prospects of some day getting the debt paid on a two-thousand-dollar home. But we expect some thing more of Horace. We are looking forward to his career with confidence. It is no longer the fashion to untie the knots or save the strings or pick up the pins—string and pins are cheap and time is valuable. The three cents which Horace invested in marbles were turned over the next day at a profit. Capital is needed to carry on promotions and necessary for a living; we are glad that Horace is shrewd enough to borrow. That boy has a great future before him. He is modern; your ideas belong to a past day. Horace has the making of a financier in him. I trust you will not spoil him by any old foggy ideas. I have known nothing but work and work's reward; I want my son to be something more, to be a success, to be a financier. Times have changed, Mother dear!"

And Mother was forced to admit that they had.

Charles K. Mavity.

THE SUBURBANITE AND HIS TROUBLES.

MR. ISOLATE (*of Lonelyville*).—Please, sir, I should like to get off at three o'clock to attend the matinee of "Mr. Maloney" to-day.

HIS CITY EMPLOYER (*severely*).—But I thought you attended the performance of it Monday evening.

MR. ISOLATE (*plaintively*).—Yes, sir; but I should like to go to the matinee to-day so as to see the last act.

THE ONLY SECONDS HE KNEW.

TEACHER.—Johnny Fiskuff, can you tell us something about Henry the Second?

JOHNNY FISKUFF (*after thinking deeply*).—Henry de sec'nd? Say! Wuz n't dat de guy t' t'run up de sponge on de Harlem Skruncher, in his las' bout, when he had de oder dub on de fast trolley fer Queer Street?

TRUE.

An observation now we make
As on the old world plunges;
One touch of Nature makes us kin,
But two will make us sponges.



A SUBSTITUTE.

THE BULL DOG.—They have n't any kids in your place, have they?
THE LAP DOG.—Of course not. That's why they have me!

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THE WAY TO WEALTH.

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Because they're rich; but then
They did not make their marks till they
Made "marks" of other men.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

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of the idle East if you're a
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OUT TO-DAY!

SUMMER DEPRIVITY.

Let ants and busy bees toil on
And shame the whole community;
I'd rather be a man and loaf
At every opportunity.

—Washington Star.

MICKY.—Say, Jimmy, how long is
de circus performance?

JIMMY.—Oh, about two bags of
peanuts.—Boston Post.

Colic and Cramps Quickly Stopped

By Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the only genuine,
imported. Refuse domestic imitations.

We don't know what the Latin inscriptions on tomb-
stones stand for, but have an idea that, translated into
English, they would mean: "He's all in."—Atchison Globe.

WILLIE.—Pa, if a warship is called "she," why is n't it
a woman-of-war?

FATHER.—It's your bedtime, Willie.—Boston Post.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

ONE OR THE OTHER.

"Bring me the calendar," said the eminent statesman.

"Is the rent due?" asked the private secretary.

"No; but I have forgotten whether this is my day for an interview or a
denial."—Washington Star.

PAST HOPE.

"Don't you know that you could own a house with the money you spend
on smoking?"

"Yes," replied the obstinate man; "but maybe the trouble with taxes and
assessments and repairs would drive me to drink, and that would be worse."—
Washington Star.

FOR SUMMER READING.

Some choose, these days, the paper books—

Light, airy tales for Summer nooks,

I seek deep tomes in leathern clothes,

Which drive me to a Summer doze.

—Detroit Free Press.



IN CHICAGO.

"The lady next door is celebrating her golden wedding."

"Married fifty years?"

"No—times!"

WHAT RUINED BUSINESS.

"So he has fallen into financial straits."

"I'm afraid so."

"What was the trouble?"

"Paid too much attention to other people's race horses
and not enough to his own delivery wagon."—Washington
Star.

Exchange weakness for health—lassitude for energy
by taking Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.
At all druggists. Refuse substitutes.

PATIENCE.—You can tell a counter-
feit coin by the ring.

PATRICE.—Yes; but you can't tell
a counterfeit love that way.—Yonkers
Statesman.

"BEGINS RIGHT, ENDS RIGHT, IS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE."—NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Purity

All that hands can do, or money
buy, or age refine, lies in the
purity of



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cellence.

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MINOR DETAILS.

"Father," said the little boy, "what is a mathematician?"

"A mathematician, my son, is a man who can calculate the distance between the most remote stars and who is liable to be flim-flammed in changing a two-dollar bill."—*Washington Star*.

WHEN folks get an architect to build a house they always say: "We did the planning and he carried them out."—*Washington Democrat*.

"If common-sense grown folks," said Uncle Eben, "was as numerous as uncommon smaht children, dar would n't be so much trouble 'bout runnin' de gov'ment."—*Washington Star*.

"Bid trouble depart from thy bosom,
And fling thy last care to the winds."

It ain't so far to
Happiness;

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is right at your elbow.

"It is balm to the souls that are sad,
And makes hearts that are weary be glad."

Any Dealer Anywhere.



RIPANS TABLETS are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Constipation, heart burn, sick headache, dizziness, bad breath, sore throat, and every other illness arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by RIPANS TABLETS. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five-cent package is enough for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them.

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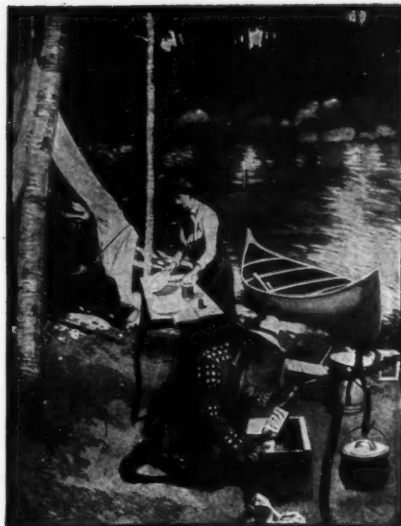
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IN CAMP

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THIS CAMPING PICTURE

"IN CAMP" (copyright, 1927, by Frederick Glassup) is an original drawing by Ray Brown. It is printed in four colors on heavy plate paper, 9 x 12, without advertisement of any kind. Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver. Suitable for framing in club-house or home. Next month, a yachting picture by the famous marine artist, Carlton T. Chapman.

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Sole Agent for John Dewar & Sons, Ltd.
126 BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK

SLIGHTLY CONFUSED.

"What nonsense that man talks," remarked Senator Sorghum, as the departing visitor closed the door.

"What did he say?"

"Something about a profit being without honor somewhere or other. I want to go on record as saying that there is n't a country on the map where a profit is not held in high esteem."—*Washington Star*.

STRANGER.—What's that gentleman running so excitedly for?

NATIVE.—Oh, that's Citycuss, who's just settled out here. One of his onions has come up and he's going for a photographer."—*Boston Post*.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

MRS. RABBIT.—I'm in a nice fix! Some friends of mine are coming to dinner and I find I have n't a clean table-cloth in the house.

MRS. ELEPHANT.—Don't let that worry you. Here's a new handkerchief I bought only yesterday.

Brightness of mind and strength of body come only from perfect digestion. Make the stomach strong with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

I've had a lovely supper, and it was enlivened with a bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

AS HE CALLED IT.

"So you don't mind my piano-playing, Mr. Skorcher?" remarked Miss Nexdore.

"Not at all," replied Skorcher. "I like it best when you're coasting."

"When I'm coasting?"

"Yes, when you keep your feet off the pedals."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

IN INDIANA.

"Why did the convention of Indiana poets adjourn so suddenly?"

"It did n't adjourn. It just recessed around the corner to see a man lynched."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

LOTS of things are called human nature when they should be called cussedness.—*Washington Democrat*.

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the wine-making country
of the world—

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE



—the only Gold Medal winning American Champagne at the Paris Exposition—is aiding materially in making this possible, by its purity, perfection, and popularity. The equal of imported in quality, yet less than half the price.

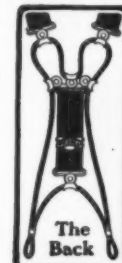
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JUST HIS OPINION.

Satan is a queer one—
He do dez ez he please;
He burn you up in Summer,
In Winter let you freeze.

But we would n't call him Satan,
Nor ever sigh or frown,
Ef he 'd light de Summer fires
W'en de snow is comin' down.
—Atlanta Constitution.



THE CLUB

are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

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Its least virtue is that it lasts so.

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Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in PUCK.



A JUVENILE THEORY.

I bet you it's a magic house we all are livin' in,
I could n't tell you half the things that keep a-happenin'.
But things are disappearin', just as if 't was fairy land,
And some old wizard 's showin' off his tricks in sleight-o'-hand.

Preserves an' jam will melt away as quick as "presto change!"
An' nice new clothes get mussed an' soiled; it's something very strange!
A magic house is always full of such mysterious jokes,
But where 's the use of tryin' to explain to grown-up folks?
—Washington Star.

POLITICS IN BILLVILLE.

Two candidates obliged us by plowing six acres for us yesterday.
Our school children have been patted on the head so often of late that every ten-year-old boy in the town is baldheaded.

Some of the candidates for local offices in this settlement are running so fast that the sheriff can't get close enough to levy on them.
—Atlanta Constitution.



GENTILITY.

Hortense listened coldly to the man's mad avowal of his love.

"Are you a gentleman?" she asked, at last.

"I am told that you work."

"If you become my wife, I swear never to work again!" he cried, with pathetic earnestness.

She laughed, thinking of the common fate of foolish girls who marry men to reform them.

HIS OWN WAY.

"Do you ever have your own way?" asked the cynical near relative.

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "Sometimes I have my own way; but not without consulting Henrietta very carefully before I make up my mind." —Washington Star.

TROTSMITH EFFORT.—It mus' be turr'ble ter die in a railway accident!
GETSON SLOWLY.—Horrible! 'Speshly in one o' dese washouts. —Boston Post.

THE parson does n't preach long sermons these days; he simply points to the thermometer and advises the congregation to think of the hereafter. —Atlanta Constitution.

A LOVER may think a day an eternity when he does n't see Her, but it is n't half as long as the hour she leaves him alone with the baby after they are married. —Atchison Globe.

ALGIE'S PA.—No, boy, I can't afford an automobile for you, but I kin do the next best thing.

ALGIE.—Wot's that guvvie?

PA.—I kin git you a job as motorman on a trolley car. —Boston Post.

MR. UPJOHN.—I wish you would tell Kathleen she cooks her steaks too much.

MRS. UPJOHN.—You are three girls late, John. The name of the present one is Mollie. —Ram's Horn.

PHILANTHROPIST.—What's the matter, little boy? What are you crying about?

LITTLE BOY.—The fellers on the street have formed a trust, and I ain't in it. A feller can't play base-ball or shinny all by hisself, can he? —Ram's Horn.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

A MERRY JESTER.

"I have decided to study dentistry," said the young man.

"It is a fine profession; but do you think it would suit your tastes?"

"I'm sure of it. You see, I'm naturally a great practical joker. I don't believe I would enjoy anything more than to fill a man's mouth with rubber, mortar, zinc filings, carbolic acid and Turke's toweling, and after getting a firm grip on his jaw tell him he must be sure to let me know if I am hurting him. —Washington Star.

GRAVESTONES do not represent reserved seats in glory. —Ram's Horn.

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For Hot, Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet.



SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes tight or new shoes easy. The distinguished English medical authority, the London Lancet, says: Analysis discloses in Allen's Foot-Ease ingredients suitable for treating the feet. The powder is well adapted for the purpose intended, since it is fine and impalpable, with a slippery, velvety feeling to the touch. It, moreover, contains an antiseptic. We have received a list of testimonials in favour of this powder.—It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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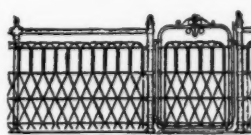
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(FREE) shows other fences for lawns, parks, etc.

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IT LOOKS queer when the deacon looks up to heaven and drops an opera ticket into the offering. —Ram's Horn.

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are the original solid top and side ejectors. This feature forms a solid shield of metal between the shooter's head and the cartridge at all times, throws the empties away from him instead of into his face, prevents smoke and gases from entering his eyes and lungs, and keeps the line of sight unobstructed. The MARLIN action works easily and smoothly, making very little noise. Our new automatic recoil-operating locking device makes the Marlin the safest breech-loading gun ever built. 120-page catalogue, 300 illustrations, cover in nine colors, mailed for three stamps.

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BAFFLED.

My industry's baffled as months come and go;

The day of content fails to dawn.

In Summer my fad is for shoveling snow,

In Winter 't is mowing the lawn.

—Washington Star.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

DOMESTIC.—Please, sir, the grocer and butcher and baker and milkman are downstairs, and they say they won't leave until they are paid.

MR. MCAUBER.—Hem! Very well; tell them that if they will continue to supply me with provisions, they are welcome to stay here and board it out.—N. Y. Weekly.

A PROMOTER OF CORDIALITY.

"So you regard a navy as a means of promoting peace and friendship?"

"Certainly," answered the statesman. "You can see for yourself how pleasant and sociable nations become when a navy goes around visiting."—Washington Star.

THE WAY HE TOLD IT.

"Great revival we been havin', Br'er Williams!"

"Yes, suh! Only las' night we called up mo'ners, en what you reckon come er it?"

"Dunno!"

"Well, suh, we made seventy convicts!"—Atlanta Constitution.



STAYS THERE.

STELLA.—Did he get down on his knees when he proposed?

BELLA.—Yes; but Papa won't set him on his feet.

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At your club or dealer's
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MRS. MULDOOLY.—Th' trouble wid my husband is that he niver sticks to any wan thing more'n a week.

MR. MCGROGIN.—Yez do him injoostice, Mrs. Muldooly. Oi never saw a firmer man than your husband phwin it comes to a shtrike.—New York Weekly.

If anyone writes more than two letters home, when on a vacation, it means he is not having a good time.—Atchison Globe.

CALLER.—Why did you discharge your cashier?

BANK PRESIDENT.—We caught him looking over a map.—Boston Post.

It is always easier to feel that you love your neighbor across the ocean than to show that you love the one across the street.—Ram's Horn.

MRS. STOCKYARDS.—Well, why does n't she marry him?

MISS SPARERIB.—Oh, she says there's a stain on his family escutcheon.

MRS. STOCKYARDS.—Well, good gracious! Don't they have any servants who can scrub?—Boston Post.

SAVAGE

THE SAVAGE 25-35, 32-40 and 38-55 calibers are some sizes recently added to the famous 303 and 30-30 Model 1899 Hammerless Repeater. These loads are considered the standard for accuracy and will probably never be excelled for hunting and target purposes.

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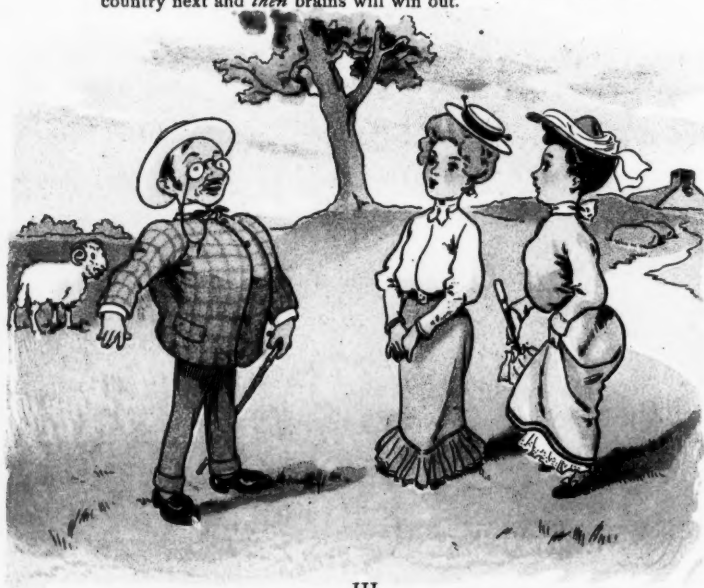
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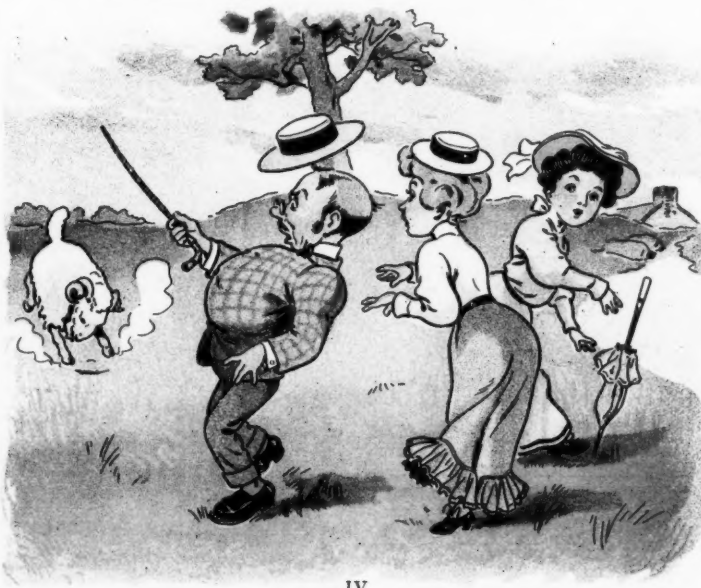
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BERTIE SLIMMER.—Muscle is everything, by Jove! These Summer Girls care nothing for brains. But I'll go to the country next and *then* brains will win out.



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III.
BERTIE.—Yes, ladies, it is true, I'm a powerful man. I'm strong naturally, but athletics helped some, of course.



IV.
THE LADIES.—Oh, Mr. Slimmer! Protect us! Here comes that awful ram!



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

V.
BERTIE AND THE RAM.—Whoof!



VI.
THE LADIES.—Mr. Slimmer, we are so thankful! If it had n't been for your tremendous strength, we would surely have been annihilated.

AN EXPLODED THEORY.